

[Allen, Bennett]

SATIRICAL TRIFLES:

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CONSISTING OF

An ODE, written on the first Attack of the Gout.

To MANKIND, an Ode.

The FAREWELL, written at *Woodcote*, near *Epsom*.

E P I G R A M S.

By *Bennet Allen* AM. *Wadham Coll.*

— — — — — Quittons la Satire,
C'est un mechant metier que celui de medire.

Motto to Dr. TOTTIE's Sermon.

L O N D O N,

Printed for FLETCHER, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; FLEXNEY, near
Gray's Inn Gate; and sold by FLETCHER and BROUGHTON in *Oxford*;
and MERRIL in *Cambridge*. M.DCC.LXIV.

(Price One Shilling.)

Lately published by this Author,

THE
FOURTH SATIRE of BOILEAU
IMITATED.

And soon will be published,

ORIGINAL SATIRES and EPISTLES.



O D E

Written on the First Attack of the GOUT.

AH! what's that gasty Form I view,
With shrivell'd front of livid hue,
And dim his hollow eye;
His crippled Feet Support refuse,
His knotted Joints deny their Use,
It's all Infirmary.

Avaunt! quit, wretch, my humble Cell,
Where Youth, cool Temp'rance love to dwell,
Nor press thy hateful Stay;
Go, bar the lazy door of Age,
On Sloth and Luxury spend thy Rage,
There thy *due* Visits pay.

A

With

With shuffling Pace he still draws near,
 His Touch than Scorpion's worse I fear,
 His very Breath's Disease;
 I feel, I feel the subtle Pain
 Trill on the Nerve, shoot thro' the Vein,
 And the rack'd Tendon seize.

Better, old fool, to hie thee, where
 The * *Goddeſs* sheds her Influence rare,
 On some proud pamper'd Lord;
 Who batt'ning on his Country's Spoils,
 And the wrung Peasant's hardy Toils,
 Warm welcome may afford.

Teach him the Lesson, "how to feel,"
 Unhinge his Pride, his Heart unsteel,

* Fortune. Though the learned *Scriblerus* thinks another *Goddeſs*
 may be better intended.

Urge



Urge home the useful Plan;
 From his own sufferings let him know,
 The Pity due to others' Woe,
 And dignify the Man.

And if (the Warrant yet unsign'd)
 A Minister of State you find,
 Grapple his fatal Hand;
 Fly at an injur'd Nation's Call,
 Save, tho' ev'n *Hallifax* must fall,
 The Charter of the Land.

Or haste, where round the swelling Lawn,
 The sleek-fac'd, servile Chaplains fawn,
 Some Prelate's tow'ring Dome;
 Where costly Luxe, and priestly Pride,
 And happy Indolence reside,
 Judicious fix thy home.

Prithee give him too now and then,
 A Twitch or two, like other Men,

Must

Must he alone be free?
 And when his Nephews, Cousins all,
 Are laid to Slumber in a Stall,
 Give him a Twitch for me.

Or go, where heap'd th' enormous Sum,
 By Avarice, constitutes the Plum,
 Some Alderman's fed Styre;
 There squeeze from griping Joints the Wealth,
 By Rapine seiz'd, or cribb'd by Stealth,
 T' endow a Charity.

What various goods from various Crimes
 Educ'd, by fate, in various Times,
 Have blest'd this happy Nation;
 To Avarice, * Incest, Fraud, we owe
 Of Charities many a noble Show,
 To Lust the Reformation.

* A certain College was founded by Way of Commutation, for a Sin of this Kind.

Is there a Doctor, whose Degrees
Serve only to enhance his Fees,

Bred regular to flay;
Or Lawyer, who first makes a Flaw,
Then robs by Letter of the Law,
And deems you rightful Prey?

Is there a Patron selfish, hard,
Refusing to the tuneful Bard,
Th' O'er-flowings of his Store;
Who painful strives in spotless Lays,
Or Vice to brand, or Virtue raise,
Or cheat an idle Hour?

Is there a Race of Critics vile,
(Vermin that swarm around our Isle,
Sprung from the filthiest Mire)
In Quibble vers'd, with Cavil fraught,
Whose Souls ne'er rise above a Fault,
The bastard Slaves of Hire?

On these, and such a thousand more,
 O Gout, exert thy keenest Power,
 Thy sharpest Pangs prepare;
 With honest Indignation maul
 The Vulgar great, the Vulgar small,
 But the poor Poet spare.

To me (if ought Fate fools with here,
 Were worth a Poet's slightest Care,)
 A thousand Grievs belong;
 This Comfort left shall none bereave,
 Uncheck'd by Fear, I ask no Leave
 To pen an angry Song.

T O

M A N K I N D.

An O D E.

MY gentle Muse a Boon I ask,
To you I ween ungentle Task,
To speed on Fancy's Wing;
Whatever in Creation's Round,
Is most detested, fatal found,
Hither convey the Thing.

The Beast that prowls for human Food,
The Snake whose Rattle chills the Blood,
Or that whose Looks can kill; *
The hissing Adder, spitting Toad,
That fix at home their dark Abode,
That I may hate my fill.

* The Basilisk.

To

To search out ev'ry Beast of Prey,
Serpents whose Bite or Looks can slay,

From Clime to Clime she ran;

Than Beast, than Serpent worse I hate,

That *Dupe* of Reason, *Fool* of Fate,

That Animal call'd *Man*.

That see-saw Thing, now up, now down,

With now a Smile, and now a Frown;

Now wondrous kind and civil;

The Fit once o'er, and chang'd his Note;

He'd mar your Fortune, cut your Throat,

Or send you to the Devil.

So have I seen two Affes bray

In Concert, awkward Gambols play,

And kindly knab each other;

But soon they show their scurvy Tricks,

Turn'd Heel to Heel each soundly kicks

And basely mauls his Brother.

This

“ This Simile must never pass,

“ What *Man* compar'd to Scoundrel Ass,

“ That dull, vile, senseless Creature;

“ MAN, in whom *Reason* shines confest,

“ With Warmth divine inflames his Breast,

“ And speaks in ev'ry Feature.”

With moral Eye observe this Purse,

An empty one, the greater Curse,

Tho' often full you've seen it;

Pray what the Devil is to me

Th' *Extent* of its *Capacity*,

With ne'er a Penny in it.

Just so with you the human Mind

Of Reason *capable* I find,

But where's the mighty Boast?

In each grown Baby's Toils or Sports,

In Camps, in Colleges, in Courts

Sole *Passion* rules the Roast.

F A R E W E L L.

*Written, and left on the Table at WOODCOTE near Epsom
in Surry, the Seat of Lord BALTIMORE, the Morning of
the Author's Departure.**

Farewell, *Woodcote*, charming Seat,
Where Friendship never fails to meet,
A tender Welcome, safe Retreat.
Bid with Nature Art combine,
Bid the Loves and Graces join,
To retain a *Balt'more* thine:
Groves project a cooler Shade,
Fresher Verdure deck the Glade,
Water'd by the clear Cascade:

* The Advertisements that this elegant Villa is to be sold by Auction
at *Langford's* Room, brought to the Author's Mind, the above Stan-
zas, which were written there about two Years ago.

Let

Let the gilded Cieling show
 Stars that glitter, Suns that glow,*
 And the Pencil Life bestow.

Banish'd far the vulgar Throng,
 Bid sprightly Music, jocund Song
 Whip the lagging Hours along.

Let th' Ambitious toil for Sway,
 Th' Infipid dream his Life away,
 We'll be happy while we may.

Here again conven'd, we'll chace
 Looks demure, and formal Face,
 Sullen Pride, and sour Grimace;

Wrinkled Care, and sad Suspence,
 Vain Conceit, and false Pretence

To superior Innocence.

Strip the Hypocrite's fine Skin,
 View him as he is, within
 Black with Guile, and foul with Sin.

* The Cielings are richly gilded.

Show poor Virtue's Form bely'd
To cover Avarice, Lust and Pride,
And a thousand Faults beside.

If the World deceiv'd will be,
Let it be deceiv'd, while we
Will but smile at what we see.

Frolic Wit, and sportive Mirth,
Sense enlarg'd, and Heart-felt Worth
Shall to genuine Joys give Birth.

E P I G R A M S.

Four Lines in a favorite Stile.

From BOILEAU.

CURS'D be the Author hard, whose rough, rude Vein
Rimes in *Minerva's* Spite, tort'ring his Brain;
With heavy *Hammer* hamm'ring out each Thought,
Twelve Times twelve Score bad Lines to light he brought.

To

(15)

To a L A D Y.

Imitated from the same Author.

FROM Heart pit-a-pat,
Fond Hopes, and *all that*,
That I'm smitten, 'tis true;
Ah! bend not your Brow,
Cruel Fair, for I vow,
I'm not smitten with *you*.

To a P A R S O N.

AMongst a Thousand One I've met,
By chance, whose Honor smit me;
I never dealt with Parson yet,
But *righteously* he bit me.

D

To

To a BOOKSELLER.

BALDWIN in nice Italic Type,
Each Correspondent gives a Wipe,
And Wit at Random hurls;*
Baldwin perhaps may have his Aim,
Damn'd to Eternity his Name,
With Lintot's, Osborne's, *Carl's*.†

To the MONTHLY REVIEWERS.

REVIEWERS sage, *correct* your Spleen,
Old Fools can't learn too soon,
How impotent the Spite is seen
Of Curs that bay the Moon!

* See the frequent and wretched Attempts of Wit, in the Conclusion of the *St. James's Chronicle*.

† See *Pope's Dunciad*, Book 2d.

T H E E N D.

